

### INSTANT IN SEASON.

At one of the Friday night boys' meetings in the Tabernacle, a lad about sixteen years, an orphan boy, was the first to lead in prayer. His testimony, shortly afterward, was noticed by all for its earnestness and words of encouragement to those just starting in Christian life, and seemed to come from one who was well advanced in the way, although it was but a year since he began. At the "after meeting" he was observed to be busily engaged in leading the young inquirers to the Savior, and in the last one to whom he spoke he showed an unusual interest. After the rest were gone we hastened to speak to the one who seemed likely to be an excellent worker in the meetings, and with a heart full of interest he made plans for the next week's work. Sunday evening two boys' came to one of the workers, and the elder said:

"Here's a boy that's found Jesus."

"I am glad to hear that; and where was it that you found Him?"

"Right here, sir, in this room," said the little fellow earnestly; and then, in a hushed voice, he added, "and the boy that talked and prayed with me, and led me to Jesus, was killed Saturday morning."

Inquiries were made, and it was learned that the lad was coming to his work Saturday morning as usual, and, becoming confused in some way, stepped in front of an approaching railway train, and was instantly crushed to death.

Monday morning, as we stood by the side of that coffin, and looked upon the bruised and mangled form of that young disciple, we gathered therefrom a lesson from instant service. By the side of the dead, with a bowed head, we prayed God that we might be faithful ever to the living and, withal, came the thought, "Is it well! His last night's work was for Christ, and it was well done. 'Go thou and do likewise.'"—*The Dayspring*.

### THE HOLE IN THE BASKET.

A native preacher in a South Sea Island once gave the following illustration:

He said: "I will relate an ancient story to show how the gods punished the sin of selfishness. Two men went fishing on the reef, and, after many hours, both took up their fishing tackle and baskets to return home. One of the men had been quite successful, and had a full basket. The other, who had not obtained any, asked his fortunate friend to give him a fish. The reply was, 'No, get some yourself; I will not part with mine.' So saying, he shouldered his heavy basket and marched away. The other man walked behind with his empty basket.

Now, there was a small hole in the bottom of the basket of the fortunate fisherman; but he was not aware of it. Presently a fish fell through quite unknown to its owner. This god-send was eagerly picked up by the man behind, and put into his basket. Ere long, another fish fell through, and another, and another. All these were gathered up by the man following. The hole in the bottom of the basket was continually enlarging, so that the larger fish shared the fate of the smaller ones. At length, all the fish had slipped away, and still the selfish man remained ignorant of his loss. On reaching his home, he threw down his basket before his wife and desired her to cook the fish. Thinking herself mocked, she bitterly reproached her husband for bringing home an empty basket. At this moment his eyes were opened, and, too late, he discovered that he had lost all through refusing to pity him who had none.

"Beware," said the preacher, "lest we, who have our baskets filled with Gospel privileges, should incur the anger of God through failing to pity those who are still in heathen darkness, so that eventually 'the first should be last, and the last first.' It is meet that the heathen should be fellow-heirs with us of the grace of life. Once more, let us watch carefully against little sins. Beware of falling off in prayer and reading the Bible. The little hole in the bottom of the basket, because it was unnoticed, went on increasing until the unhappy man had lost all."

### FOR OTHER'S SAKE.

Christ came to minister, not to be ministered unto. The follower of Christ who is willing to enjoy his religion all by himself has failed to catch the significance of Christ's example.

A Christian man's plain duty is not so much to answer the question, "How can I get the most out of my religion?" as, "How can I conduct myself so that others may get the most out of my religion?"

Many Christians, in a very important sense, will go to heaven alone. Others will there be surrounded by scores whom they have pointed to the Saviour. The first class will have been saved, but without having saved others. The second class will bring sheaves with them.

But Christ ministered daily while upon the earth. So may we. The comforts of our religion may be made the solace of another's sorrow. In many very practical ways others may enjoy the benefits of our religion. Thus, whether it is for time and eternity, Christ may come to others through us.—*Young Men's Era*.

THE beginning of all sin is unbelief.

### A BROKEN CAGE AND A BROKEN PROMISE.

May was the best girl in the world to make promises.

"Who will dust this room for me?" asked mother sometimes when she was very busy.

"I! I!" cried May, and it was a pleasure to see her take the duster and look so ready and willing to help. But, just as likely as not, sometime in the middle of the forenoon a ring would come at the bell and a visitor come in on some morning errand and mamma would see too late with shame that you could write your name on the dusty mantle. Poor mamma! and poor May! For she meant to—really and truly!

"Now, my dear little girl! I cannot allow that!"

It was mamma speaking in her must-be-minded voice," as May used to call it when she was little. She had taken Popple's wicker cage out of the window and set it down on the floor by the big chair to amuse her with its merry chatter, "I want you to promise me not to touch it again. I can't have my little Popple put in danger."

May said, "Yes, mamma," and she meant it. But Popple was so cunning.

"It can't do any hurt, if I put it right up again," she told her conscience; and so the pretty cage stayed where it was, and May curled down in the big chair and gave her eyes to her book and her ears to Popple.

"Ting-a-ling-ling!" went the doorbell. It was the postman, and May dearly loved letters. Maybe there was a letter from brother Ben at college. Maybe St. Nicholas had come. She ran down stairs so fast that no one else got there before her.

Upstairs Mr. Thomas Cat had some quick, bad work to do. He sprang down from the broad sunny window-ledge and tipped the cage over quick as a wink. In at the top went one long claw like needles to tear poor Popple. But the cage tipped just right for the door to fly open and Popple flew out, and May and mamma came in just in time to box the ears of Mr. Thomas Cat and save the life of the dear little birdie.

"O mamma, see the broken cage" cried May.

"I think more about the broken promise!" said mamma.

My experience of life makes me sure of one thing which I do not try to explain—that the sweetest happiness we ever know come—not from love, but from sacrifice—from the effort to make others happy.—*O'Reily*.